

Foreign Trade Future of U. S., Says W. B. Wilson

Secretary of Labor Declares Era of Unlimited Prosperity for This Country Is Now At Hand.

By WILLIAM B. WILSON,
Secretary of Labor.

Before long, prosperity will probably be here whether we do anything to bring it or not; but by our attitude we can assure its coming and accelerate the revival of industry. The thing that is necessary is an attitude of confidence, of trust in America's future, of appreciation of America's opportunities.

We have just come through the greatest war in the history of mankind—a war that has drained us of our accumulated surplus, and as a result, we lack, and all the nations of the earth lack, the things that but for the war we would have thought we never could do without. During the war we refrained from purchasing anything beyond our actual requirements, and these are a small part of the normal purchases of the nation.

Now we have returned to peace; we can have whatever we want, and by making and buying the normal peace-time productions of industry at this time we shall stimulate business and bring prosperity to America at once.

The wheels of industry, once put in motion by our own demands, will remain in motion for a long time; there are markets in plenty for everything we can make, and once business has been restored to an even keel these markets will be sought and supplied with American goods.

There are first of all the markets of Europe—Europe, which has suffered much more than America, which needs raw materials and manufactured articles, food and machinery, in enormous quantities, to repair the damages of the war which shook the stricken continent to its foundations.

Second, there are the markets of our neighboring republics to the south—the twenty republics of Central and South America, Latin-American.



W. B. WILSON
Secretary of Labor.

by, and there are great possibilities still awaiting us. The future of America lies in foreign trade; the immediate task ahead is the rebuilding of Europe. There is work enough for all of us; to accomplish it we need confidence. I am confident an era of prosperity is at hand, and our efforts should be concentrated in bridging the gap that lies between us and prosperity. This is not a great task if we approach it in the spirit of understanding and faith.

artillery officers. There were two women characters in the drama and I was chosen for the leading role. The other feminine role was played by a young officer. It was with great reluctance that I consented to take the part, only after the urgent appeals of the commander. I did not believe myself capable of performing, and even the thunderous applause I won on that occasion has not changed my belief.

Grievous Thoughts.
At Belaya many of the soldiers and officers were visited by their wives. I made many acquaintances there and some fast friendships. One of the latter was the wife of a stretcher-bearer with whom I had worked. She was a young, pretty and very lovable woman, and her husband adored her. When the month of our rest was about to expire and the order came for the women to leave the sanitary (stretcher-bearer) borrowed the commander's horses to drive his wife to the station. On his way back he suffered a stroke of apoplexy and died immediately. He received a military funeral, and I made and placed a wreath on his bier.

As we lowered his coffin into the grave the thought inevitably suggested itself to me whether I would be buried like this or my body lost and blown to the winds in No Man's Land. The same thought must have run through many a mind.

Another friend, made at the same time, was the wife of Lieut. Bobrov, the former school teacher. Both of them helped me to learn to write and improve my reading. The peasant women of the locality were so poor and ignorant that I devoted part of the time to teaching them. When they were suffering from minor ills that were neglected. One evening I was called to attend a woman in childbirth, my first experience in midwifery. Another time I was asked to visit a very bad case of fever.

Then came the trenches again. Again intense cold, again eternal watchfulness and irritating inactivity. But there were great expectations in the air. As the winter drew to its close rumors of a gigantic spring offensive grew thicker and thicker. Surely the war can't end without a general battle, the men argued. And so when towards the end of February, we were again taken for a two weeks' rest, it was clear that we were to be prepared for an offensive. We received new outfits and equipment. On March 5th the commander of the regiment addressed us. He spoke of the coming battle and appealed to us to be brave and win a great victory. He told us that the enemy's defenses were enormous and that it would require a powerful effort to surmount them.

New Offensive.
Then we started for the front. The slush and mud were unimaginable. We walked deep in water, mixed with ice. On the road we met many wounded being carried to the hospital. We also passed by a fraternal cemetery where the soldiers fallen in our lines were being buried in one huge grave. We were kept in the rear for the night as reserves, and were told to wait orders tomorrow to proceed to the trenches.

On March the 6th we began an unprecedented bombardment. The Germans replied intensively, and the earth fairly shook. The cannonade lasted several hours. Then an order came for us to form ranks and march into the trenches. We knew that it meant participation in the offensive.

Lieut. Bobrov came up to me unexpectedly with these words: "Yashka, take this and deliver it to my wife after the attack. I have had a premonition for three days that I would not survive this battle." He handed me a letter and a ring.

"But, lieutenant," I tried to argue, well knowing that protestations are of no avail at such a moment, "it is not so. It will not be so. Premonitions are deceiving."

He grimly shook his head and pressed my hand. "Not this one, Yashka," he said. "We were in the rear trenches already, under a veritable shower of shells. There were dead and dying in our midst. Waist-deep in water we crouched, praying to God. Suddenly a gas wave came in our direction. It caught some without masks on, and there was no escape for them. I myself narrowly missed this horrible death. My lips contracted and my eyes watered and burned for three weeks afterward."

The signal to advance was given, and we started, knee-deep in mud, for the enemy. In places the pools reached to our waists. Shells and bullets played havoc with us. Of those that fell wounded, many sank in the mud and drowned. The German fire was withering. Our lines grew thinner and thinner, and progress became so slow that our doom was certain in the event of our further advance.

Ordered to Retreat.
The order to retreat rang out. How can one convey this march back through the inferno that No Man's Land presented that night of March 7, 1919? There were bleeding human beings, all but their heads submerged, calling plaintively for help. "Save for the sake of Christ!" came from every side. The trenches were filled with them, too, reverberating with their penetrating appeals. So long as we were alive we could not remain deaf to the pleadings of our comrades.

Fifty of us went out to do rescue work. Never before had I worked in such harrowing, hair-raising circumstances. One fellow was wounded in the neck or face, and I had to grip him under the arms and drag his body through the mud. Another had his side torn by a shell, requiring many difficult maneuvers before I could extricate him. Several sank so deep that my own strength was not sufficient to drag them out.

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

Workers to Have Voice In Steel, Spillane Says

Noted American Economist Predicts Labor Interests Will Be Cemented Into Huge Corporation, With Board of Directors.

By RICHARD SPILLANE,
Noted American Economist, Who Writes on Finance and Business for The Washington Herald.

More than 10 per cent of the stock of the United States Steel Corporation is owned today by the employees of the great company.

It is not improbable these holdings will be increased within the next five or ten years to 15 or 20 per cent.

No wonder there is suggestion of electing two directors from among the workers to represent the interests of the employees.

Up to the close of the year 1918 there had been 361,244 shares of common and 361,114 shares of preferred stock sold to employees under the special arrangement whereby premiums are received for five years after the purchase.

In January, 1919, there was a stock offering to employees at 92. According to the best reports obtainable 6,741 employees subscribed at that time for a total of 155,690 shares.

Of the 5,082,025 shares of common of a par value of \$30.302,000 and a market value of approximately the same the employees' holdings are 51,314 shares with a market value of \$31,731.60.

Dividends Paid Workers.
What the workers paid in actual cash for stock is difficult to ascertain. The custom of the corporation has been to offer stock to the employees at two points below what the best judgment of the directors, is about the low price of the year. If the employee holds his stock as an investment he gets special premiums.

What is more, the dividends, especially in the last three years, have been fat. Not a few subscribers are understood to have been able to pay for their stock with their dividends so that practically it cost them nothing.

Of the 5,082,025 shares of preferred of a par value of \$30.302,000 and a market value of \$417,526,076, the workers reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

ers have 551,000 with a market value of \$40,716,000.

Broadly speaking, therefore, the United States Steel employees—that is the approximately 55,000 who are shareholders—have a \$32,000,000 stake in the corporation.

There are no figures obtainable as to the number of employees of the corporation at the present time. In the rush days of 1916-17 there was a high mark of 286,058 names on the payroll. That was the biggest total in the history of the company.

Since then there has been a gradual decline. A fair estimate of the March roster would be 225,000. Necessarily the number of employees changes with conditions in the steel trade.

Steel Empire Business.
Few persons appreciate the magnitude and scope of this giant corporation. Its volume of business in one year has been \$1,683,962,552—that is in excess of \$5,500,000 a day for every work day—and its profits in one year have been as much as \$34,700,000.

For employees, representative of the labor element in the corporation, to be elected to the directorate of this greatest and most successful of industrial concerns, would have a profound effect in shaping opinion regarding the future relationship of capital and labor.

This is appreciated fully by leaders in finance and labor leaders. Many men of large influence in the Steel Corporation are bitterly opposed to doing anything more toward "codding" labor than has been done. Some important persons in the ranks of labor also oppose the idea. They do not want to see capital and labor agree on anything. They contend that labor has never gained anything from capital except through force.

But these men represent the reactionaries in the two camps. The dominant spirit in the corporation are committed to cementing the labor interests into the organization as strongly as the financial interests are bound to it and it is their purpose to make the large stock ownership of the employees effective by membership in the directorate. They are certain to have their way. Whether it will be this year or not remains to be seen.

reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

I finally broke down, just as I reached my trench with a burden. I was so exhausted that all my bones ached. The soldiers got some drinking water, a very hard thing to get there, and made some tea for me. Somehow they obtained for me a dry overcoat and put me to sleep in a protected corner. I slept about four hours, and resumed the fishing for wounded comrades.

All day the artillery boomed again, as violently as the previous day. At night, our ranks refilled with fresh drafts, we climbed out again and rushed for the enemy. Again we suffered heavily, but our operation this time was more successful. When the Germans saw us push determinedly on in their direction they came out for a counter-attack. With bayonets fixed and a tremendous "Hurrah," we bounced at them.

Charged With Bayonets.
The Germans never did like the Russian bayonets. As a matter of fact, they dreaded them more than any other arm of warfare, and so they gave way and took to their heels. We pursued them into their trenches, and there followed a hot scramble. Many of the Germans raised their hands in sign of surrender. They well understood that we were in a fierce, exasperated mood. Others fought to the end, and all this time time German

machine guns swept their own trenches, where Teuton and Slav were mixed in combat. We rushed the machine gun nests.

Our regiment captured in that attack 2,000 Germans and thirty machine guns. I escaped only with a slight bruise in the right leg and did not leave the ranks. Elated by our victory over the strong defenses of the first line, we swept on toward the enemy's second line. A great triumph was in prospect, as behind the weak second and third lines there was an open stretch of undefended territory for many versts.

Our advance line was within seventy feet of the enemy's trenches when an order came from Gen. Walter to halt and return to our positions. Men and officers alike were terribly shocked. Our colonel talked to the general on the field telephone, explaining to him the situation. The general was obstinate. All of us were so incensed at this treacherous order that, had any one of us taken charge at the moment we would undoubtedly have snatched a great victory, as the breach in the German defenses was complete.

The conversation between the colonel and the general ended in a quarrel. The general had not, apparently, expected us to break through the first German line. So many waves of Russian soldiers had beaten in vain against it, and with such terrific losses. As our men saw it then, it was the general's traitorous program to have as many of us slaughtered as possible.

Corpses Lay Thick.
But discipline was rigid, and orders were orders. We had to go back. We were so exhausted that our bodies welcomed a rest. In those two days, the 7th and 8th of August, our ranks were refilled four times with fresh drafts. Our casualties were numberless. Like mushrooms after a rain the corpses lay thick everywhere and there was no count to the wounded. One could not make a step in No Man's Land without striking a Russian or German dead body. Bloody feet, hands, sometimes heads, lay scattered in the mud.

That was the most terrible offensive in which I participated. It went down into history as the Battle of Pustovo. We spent the first night in the German trenches we had captured. It was a night of unforgettable horror. Darkness was impenetrable. The stench was suffocating. The ground was full of mudholes. Some of us sat on corpses. Others rested their feet on dead men. One could not stretch a

hand without touching a lifeless body. We were hungry. We were cold. Our flesh crawled in the dreadful surroundings. I wanted to get up. My hand sought support. It fell on the face of a corpse, at which against the wall. I screamed, slipped and fell. My fingers buried themselves in the torn abdomen of a body.

I was seized with horror such as I had never experienced, and shrieked hysterically. My cries were heard in the officers' dugout, and a man was sent for me with an electric hand light to rescue Yashka, whom they had taken for wounded. It was warm and comfortable in the dugout, as it had previously been used by the enemy's regimental staff. I was given some tea, and little by little regained my poise.

The entrance of the dugout was, naturally, facing the enemy now. He knew its exact position and concentrated a fire on it. Although a bomb-proof, it soon began to give way under a rain of shells. Some of these knocked the entrance almost completely with debris. Finally, a shell penetrated the roof, putting out the light, killing five and wounding several. I lay in a corner, buried under wreckage, soldiers and officers, some of whom were wounded and others dead. The groans were indescribable. As the screech of a new shell would come overhead I thought death was imminent. There was no question of making an immediate effort to extricate myself and escape while the bombs came crashing into the hole. When the bombardment finally ceased with dawn, and I was saved, I could hardly believe my own senses that I was unhurt.

Pay Last Homage.
The following day I discovered the body of Lieut. Bobrov. His premonition was right, after all. A school teacher, he was an intrepid fighter, and a man of noble impulses. I fulfilled his wish, and had his ring and letter sent through the physician to his wife. Our own regiment had 2,000 wounded. And when the dead were gathered from the field and carried out of the trenches, there were long rows of them stretched out in the sun, awaiting eternal rest in the immense fraternal grave that was being dug for them in the rear.

With bowed heads and bleeding hearts we paid last homage to our comrades. They had laid down their lives like true heroes, without suspecting that they were being sacrificed in vain by a monster-traitor.

On March 10, still suffering from the

effects of the dreadful contact with corpses, I was sent to the Division Hospital for a three day rest. I was back in the trenches on the 14th, when another advance was ordered. The German positions were not strongly fortified yet, and we captured their first line without serious losses. Then there was another few days' respite, during which our ranks were reformed.

Early in the morning of March 16th, after an ineffective bombardment, of the enemy's positions by our artillery, the signal to go over the top was given. We advanced in the face of a stubborn German fire, dashing through No Man's Land only to find the foe's wire defenses intact. There was nothing to do but retreat. It was while running back that a bullet struck me in the right leg, shattering the bone. I fell. Within a hundred feet of me ran the enemy's first line. Over my head bullets whizzed, pursuing my fleeing comrades.

(To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company. All Rights Reserved.)

Betty Way

1110 F Street
Adjoining Columbia Theater.

SPRING SHOWING
of Latest Models of

GOSSARD
Front-Lace and Our Own
Back-Lace

CORSETS
An Exclusive Exhibition of
NEGLIGES, PAJAMAS,
VESTS, TEDDIES, BLOOMERS,
SLIP-ONS, PANTALOONS AND ELASTIC
GIRDLES in wonderfully attractive designs.

Expert Fitting
Service Without Charge
Washington—New York

The Amazing Story of Maria Botchkareva

Leader of the Russian Battalion of Death

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

listening-post with three men. My boots were worn out. One can't move while on such duty. A motion may mean death. So there we lay on the white ground, exposed to the attacks of King Frost. He went about his work without delay. My right foot was undergoing strange sensations. It began to freeze. I felt like sitting up and rubbing it. And sitting up was not to be thought of. Didn't I hear a noise? I couldn't bother with my